Perfection

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Perfection

by Silvaxus

Summary

19. Shotgunning / **Double Penetration**

They celebrate their first kill and the way they led the FBI by their noses.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

After Will had left Jack and the FBI behind at Freddy Lounce's house, he drove straight back to Wolf Trap. Jack didn't want to believe him, despite Will telling him the truth, just not all of it, and so Will had told him that he wouldn't take part of this investigation.

Jack had raged and growled at Will who had only looked calmly at Jack, told him that he wasn't going to change his mind and left the crime scene. He had seen far more of it than any of the others would ever see.

Hannibal's Bentley was still parked in front of Will's house and the second Will killed the engine of his car, the front door was pulled open and his pack of canines left the house like a hurricane.

They greeted him with happy yips and loud barking and Will paid attention to every single of of his dogs before he met Hannibal on the porch of his house. The dogs were momentarily forgotten while they played outside.

"I told Jack that it was the Ripper with a partner and he didn't believe me because the crime scene doesn't fit the Ripper's usual design."

Hannibal huffed and pulled Will into a searing kiss before he pulled away from Will with a grimace.

"It was a predictably reaction from Jack's side. He will start believing your theory when more corpses appear in front of his door."

Smiling, Will tried to pull Hannibal back into a kiss, knowing what was annoying his lover.

"Please, Will, for my sanity...go and have a shower. I smell #rotten blood and an aftershave that's not yours."

Before Hannibal could step back, Will leaned closer and licked over Hannibal's jaw before he danced out of Hannibal's reach. He almost expected Hannibal to chase him through the house and into the bathroom but Hannibal did something else.

A heavy hand landed on Will's ass and for a moment his body was confused with the mixed feeling of pain and pleasure. No sound came past Will's lips except for the breath forced from his lungs with a small gasp.

Hannibal heard it, Will was sure of it but he decided not to dwell on it and vanished into the bathroom.

He took longer to shower than he planned to. Will's mind wandered back and forth while his hands washed him thoroughly without Will spending a thought on the task but Will didn't mind. Sometimes it was easier to do things on autopilot.

When Will walked back into the bathroom, he was partly still on autopilot and was startled

by strong hands grabbing him by his upper arms to press him against the wall. Out of instinct, Will reached out and only when he felt Hannibal's familiar warmth beneath his fingers did he snap out of his mind.

Blinking, Will became aware of his state of undress and his fingers wrapped tightly around Hannibal's throat. Hannibal, who was looking at him calm and far too collected for someone about to get his windpipe crushed, merely blinking at Will.

They let go of each other at the same time and to Will's annoyance, Hannibal wasn't even out of breath but he could see a bruise forming where he had gripped Hannibal.

"I'm sorry, I wasn't completely here."

"I'm aware, Will."

Blushing under the hard stare from Hannibal, Will ducked his head and walked around his lover to get his clothes from the bed when Hannibal spoke again.

"How about you make it up to me for trying to strangle me, Will?"

Lightly spoken words but Will heard the hunger underneath, the thirst of the beast below the mask of sophistication.

"And how am I supposed to make it up to you?"

Looking over his shoulder at Hannibal, Will shivered at the feral expression on Hannibal's face.

"Getting on the bed on your hands and knees would be a good start."

Pushing his clothes down from the bed, Will did as Hannibal asked him to do and lowered his head down on the bedding. His body felt warm and relaxed from the shower and so the feeling of cold lube against his hole made him shiver.

The bedroom was silent but for the slick sound of lube and Will's small gasps when Hannibal grazed his prostate with his fingers.

The feeling of the dildo pushing in was unexpected and so Will needed a moment to relax before Hannibal could push the toy all the way in.

There was bit of a burning stretch but Will opened himself to it and if not for Hannibal's clever finger working him open earlier, he would be hard by now just from this feeling. Hannibal had picked Will's biggest dildo but Will didn't want to complain and handed himself over to Hannibal and the pleasure he offered.

When Hannibal finally started to thrust, he pulled the toy out slowly only thrust back in hard.

Rubbing his face against his blanket, Will felt his legs start to shiver with every new wave of

pleasure setting his nerves aflame.

It was a divine feeling.

The pleasure changed, became sharper, when Hannibal pushed one of his fingers in alongside the toy. It brought the burn of the stretch back and Will gasped, unprepared for this feeling but he remained silent, curious what Hannibal was planning.

Only when Will was sure that Hannibal was fucking him with the toy and three of his long and elegant fingers did Will lift his head to look at Hannibal over his shoulder.

“What are you going to do with me, Hannibal?”

Hannibal wasn’t looking up when Will spoke, his eyes fixated on the picture in front of him; Will’s hole stretched around Hannibal’s fingers and the toy splitting him open.

“You did so well today with defying Jack that I thought a reward should be given to you. You always take my rewards so greedily, Will.”

Gasping when four fingers and a toy stretched him, Will suddenly knew what Hannibal wanted to do and he couldn’t keep himself up on his hands anymore.

Lowering his chest to the bed, Will offered himself even more to Hannibal when he spread his legs to give Hannibal more room and the growl filling the room at Will’s action told Will enough about Hannibal’s state of mind.

Hannibal was about to snap and only his iron control was holding him back from ravaging Will.

“Please, Hannibal. Just take me.”

It was manipulative what Will did, and they both knew it, but it worked nevertheless.

Will grunted when Hannibal pushed the toy back in deep...only to hold it in place with a steady hand while Hannibal pushed his own cock into Will alongside the dildo.

What Will felt was unlike anything he had ever felt before and when his empathy reached out to latch itself onto Hannibal, Will felt as if he was drowning in pleasure.

He felt full to the brim, he felt the stretching and burning of muscles not used to such a rough treatment but it felt right at the same time.

Behind Will, Hannibal was clawing at Will’s hips, leaving red stripes on his skin and Will was sure he was going to have bruises in the form of Hannibal’s fingers where his lover was holding onto him.

it felt forever until Hannibal finally bottomed out and Will felt himself dripping down on the bed under him because of the constant hard pressure on his prostate. He was sure he would

cum soon regardless of Hannibal fucking him or just staying like this as Will could feel his mind splintering apart in all directions.

When Hannibal finally started to thrust, Will felt himself break apart only to be set back together by Hannibal himself.

“Fuck…,” Will whispered before his knees were about to give out when he was forced into a mind-shattering orgasm on Hannibal’s third stroke.

Hannibal only grunted at the added pressure from Will’s body and used his grip on Will to pull him roughly from one thrust into the next. It almost felt to Will as if Hannibal was caring for Will at the moment but he knew that wasn't true. Hannibal just wanted to *hear* Will.

Overstimulation set in almost immediately after his orgasm but Hannibal didn’t stop and Will gave Hannibal all the sounds he wanted to hear; whimpering in pain, moaning in pleasure, hissing at the emptiness when Hannibal pulled out.

It all bled together in a kaleidoscope of of feelings, enhanced by Will’s empathy as he was feeling his own body and what Hannibal was feeling.

Never in his life had Will felt something like this and when his body finally gave out, Hannibal grunted while he filled Will with his release.

It was a moment of utter perfection to Will.

End Notes

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